The Winchester Appeal.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER----DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LOCAL INTERESTS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, MECHANISM, EDUCATION----INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE; TWO AND A HALF IF IN SIX MONTHS; THREE AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

FROM GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

CONFIDENCES AND CONFIDENCES.

A PRETTY LOVE STORY.

The clear, cheerful fire glowed warmer and brighter, and the darkness of the winter evening gathered without.

Cousin Harry and I sat cosily beside it, enjoying the pleasant warmth, and giving full rein to our wandering fancies.

He was leaning back dreamily in his easy chair—I, silently musing opposite him, with my feet resting on the low fender. My eyes were fixed on the glowing coals; but now and then I could not help stealing a glance at cousin Harry's face, in order to conjecture the subject of his long reverie.

He was in a right dreamy mood, and his dreams were evidently pleasant ones on the whole, though many varying emotions swept across his manly features.

I, too, as I sat there looking demurely into the fire, had certain little dreams of my own. Did I mention that cousin Harry was *not* my cousin—only a ward of my father's, brought up in the family, to whom that title was given by courtesy! But that, of course, had nothing to do with my dreaming.

Harry broke the long silence at last, by saying:

"Come and sit here by me, cousin Olive: I want to tell you something."

I went and took a low seat at his feet, and leaned my head against his knees, as I had done from childhood.—Dear cousin Harry, how I loved him!

He passed his hands carelessly over my curls, and said:

"Olive, did I ever speak to you about Miss Rutherford--Miss Mary Rutherford?"

"No, cousin."

"And yet I never had, and do not wish to have, any secrets from my little cousin. But this is proof," he added, laughing, "that the old line which says, "The heart feels most when the lips speak not," is true. If I have not spoke to you of Miss Rutherford, it must have been because I felt too much to give easy utterance to my thoughts. Olive, she is the loveliest creature I ever looked upon. I met her last summer, when I was travelling in Europe. We traveled though Italy together, and each day that I spent in her society, I admired her more. In short, Olive, I fell in love with her."

"Yes," said I. I was glad to be able to utter that word, and *so* glad that my face happened to be turned so that Harry could not see it.

She has just returned to this country," continued he, "and this very night decides my fate. I sent her a note this morning requesting an interview. An hour from this time sees me the happiest man in America, or the most miserable."

"I clasped my arms tightly around Harry's knees, and I am sure even in that bitter moment, I breathed a prayer for his happiness, come how it might.

My tears could be no longer quite restrained, but Harry naturally misunderstood their cause He patted my head with playful tenderness, and raising himself, he raised me too, and kissing my cheek, said:

"Thank you, dear Olive, for your sympathy. I am going now—give me your good wishes."

"*Farewell*, Harry," I whispered, and he was gone. How much there was to me in the one word I had spoken—farewell!

I did not sit up to wait for Harry's return, as I at first intended to do. By the time I began to expect him, my head ached so, and my eyes were so swolen with crying, that I knew it would not do for him to see me. So I went to bed, and laid awake the whole night through, and thought of cousin Harry, and how kind he had always been to me, till me heart ached.

The next morning I was really quite ill and feverish, and I kept my room all day. But the suspense was intolerable to me—I longed to hear Harry's voice again, even though his words struck to my heart like daggers; therefore, when the darkness of twilight came, I thought I might venture: so I slipped on a wrapper, and stole down stairs ro the little sitting-room, where I knew he would be sitting by the fireside.

Yes, he was there, sitting very quiet and still. I could not tell anything by his face as I entered, but perhaps that was because I had not courage to half look.

I slipped in very softly behind him, and before he could see me, was nestled on the sofa by his side, with my face behind his shoulder.

I thought he would be surprised or pleased to see me—or at least I expected him to speak to me; but he never said a word—he sat still, looking into the fire.

Then I knew how it was—he had received a bitter, a terrible disappointment. My heart smote me--what were my girlish griefs compared with the deep, manly sorrow which shadowed that dear, beloved face! I realized that to see Harry unhappy, was to me the cruelest of sorrows. I put my two arms around his neck, and wept bitterly.

Harry turned then with such a kind, gentle smile, and merely said as he drew me to him:

"Do not cry, my poor little Olive—do not cry."

He soothed me and caressed me as though I had been a child. Afterward he added, in a sterner voice:

"Yes, it is all over now, and I must bear my disappointment like a man."

He *did* bear it like a man. I saw and understood all his struggles--his stern enduance of his sorrow. I saw how keenly he suffered, and yet how bravely and cheerfully he bore himself; I loved him more and more, and yet I so sorry for him, that if I had thought it would have been of any use, I would have gone myself to the lady whom he blessed with his love, and plead with her for him. But for this it was quite too late. Miss Rutherford was already engaged to another when she returned home.

But much as I suffered in seeing Harry suffer, I had one consolation.—He did not brood in moody silence over his disappointment; he loved to talk with me on the theme nearest his heart. He liked to tell me, again and again, all the particulars of his acquaintance with Miss Rutherford. Of the pleasant days when they traveled together—of her exceeding loveliness, and of the many ltitle incidents on which he founded his hopes, his almost certainty of her preference, and of his utter inability to account for the fickleness which had prompted her to unite herself with another.

I did not suggest that the fortune of the new lover might be her attraction, for fear of paining Harry; but apart from all feminine jealousy, that is *my* xiew of the case, from which nothing can change me.

Be that as it may, Harry thought her perfection; he sorrowed and grieved for her; and I had enough to do to console him. Oh, how thankful I felt to know that I had the power to do so! And when I had succeeded in chasing the gloomy clouds from his brow, and I saw him smiling and cheerful, I felt as happy as a queen. One day he said to me:

"My dear, kind Olive, how well you know how to comfort me! How should you so well understand what I feel and need—how have you learned!"

"I have had a similar sorrow myself," I replied, with a trembling voice.

Harry looked at me tenderly, and said, "my poor little Olive!"

I broke from him with bursting tears, exclaiming, "Don't pity me, don't—I can't bear it!"

From this time I often noticed Harry's eyes gazing on me with a tender, pitying interest. I knew what he was thinking of, and a blush never failed to rise to my cheek; for I trembled for my secret, which was, however, never more secure.

Harry's mind gradually assumed a more buoyant tone. His thoughts were no longer confined to a single topic, and he began once more to take an interest in what was passing around him. He became more like his former self.

We were very much together; the sorrow we had shared together made us very near and dear to each other, and--I am afraid I was a very conscious maiden, but I began to fancy the interest Harry took in me was deepening. I could not mistake the glance with which his eyes rested upon me—the bright smile which welcomed my approach—the delight he took in everything I did or said.

My old day-dreams and fireside dreams came back to me, sweeter than ever.

We both of us retained our habit of musing by the twilight fire. It was at that time and place that most of Harry's confidences had been made; but it had now been long since he alluded to the past.

The late winter had merged into a late cold spring, and the cheering blaze was still agreeable, as we sat one evening in our usual places.

After a long silence, I chanced to look up to find Harry's eyes earnestly regarding me.

"Olive," he said abruptly, "do you believe in second love?"

"Sometimes, in a man," I replied carelessly; "in a woman, never."

Harry was silent for a few moments, and then said:

"Your first position is true, Olive. I know it and feel it. But your second is flagrantly false—or, if not," he added, vehemently, "I swear I'll make it so. Olive; you must and shall love me!"

Do not swear, Harry," said I; "its wicked, and besides, I greatly mistake if you do not soon wish that vow unregistered."

He did not heed the light tone of my reply, but continued earnestly:

"Olive, the past has become to me as a dream of something unreal and transitory. The love which has grown in my heart is founded on surer foundations. It is entwined with every fibre of my being. Olive, I could no more give you up than I could part with hope itself. Dearest, let the past be the past, I beseech you, for us both. Consent to be mine now, and forever."

"I can consent to a great deal, Harry," said I, giving him my hand; "but I can never consent to give up my past, my dear, beautiful past; and never, never can I give up my first love."

Harry looked deeply pained and grieved. I saw that I was torturing that noble heart, which had lately suffered so much. I had not the cruelty, even by a moment's further trifling, to delay its approaching happiness. I therefore added, softly:

"How if I admit, Harry, that *you* were my first love? Would you then insist upon my choosing a second?"

"But you told me—" he began.

"Well, what if I did!" I interrupted, a little snappishly; "it is all true enough—but why must I put to the blush by being made to confess how long I thought of you before you even cast a glance on me!"

Harry gazed on me with beaming eyes, while his mind evidently ran over the past.

"My poor Olive," he said, at last, while tears actually stood in his eyes, "and have you indeed suffered for my sake? Was it thus you learned so well to comfort me—selfish, ungenerous creature that I was! But that is past now," he continued as he warmly pressed my hand, "henceforth it shall be for me to play the part of a comforter, and I will see if I cannot make a lifetime's devotion atone for anything you may have suffered in the past."

SWEET VISITORS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

My Mother's voice! how often creeps
  Its cadence on my lonely hours!
Like healing on the wings of sleep,
  Or dew on the unconscious flowers.
I might forget her melting prayer,
  While pleasure's pulses madly fly,
But in the still, unbroken air,
  Her gentle tones come stealing by,
And years of sin and manhood flee,
And leave me at my Mother's knee.

The book of Nature, and its print
  Of beauty on the whispering sea,
Give still to me some lineament
  Of what I have been taught to be.
My heart is harder, and perhaps
  My manliness has drunk up tears,
And there's a mildew on the lapse
  Of a few miserable years;
But Nature's book is even yet
With all my Mother's lesson writ.

I have been at eventide,
  Beneath a moonlight sky of spring,
When earth was garnished like a bride,
  And night had on her silver wing—
When the bursting buds and growing grass,
  With wild fleetness thronged the night,
When all was beauty, then have I,
  With friends on whom my love is flung,
Like myrrh on wings of Araby,
  Gazed up where evening's lamp is hung.

And when the beauteous spirit there,
  Flung over all its golden chain,
My Mother's voice came on the air,
  Like the light dropping of the rain;
And, resting on some silver star,
  The spirit of a bended knee,
I've poured a deep and fervent prayer
  That our eternity might be—
To reign in heaven like stars at night,
And tread a living path of light.

Murderer Convicted by a Horse.

Wm. Peterson was tried at Raleigh, Shelby county, Tennessee, for the murder of Mr. Thomas Merriweather, a young planter of Mississippi. The incidents developed upon the trial were of the most romantic nature; and the evidence, although circumstantial, made out a clear case of one of the most revolting murders 'to be found in the chronicles of guilt.'

There was one point in the case, about which alone there could be said to be doubt, and this point was met by the evidence afforded by the horse of Meriweather.

In order to understand this, we must state by the law of Tennessee, the criminal court of Memphis has criminal jurisdiction of all crimes committed in the 5th, 13th and 14th civil districts of said county.

The circuit court of Shelby county had criminal jurisdiction in the 12th and other civil districts of the county. The prisoner was indicted in the circuit court at Raleigh, and the murder was alleged to have been committed in the 12th district. The dividing line between the 12th and 13th districts was the road leading from Memphis to Hernado.

If the crime was committed in the 13th civil district, the court of Raleigh had no jurisdiction, and the prisoner would have to be acquitted.

The deceased was found some forty or fifty steps from the Hernado road. The witness stated that the body, as he thought, had been dragged there from the road, hence the doubt whether the murder took place in the 12th or 13th civil district.

At this critical point, the counsel betook them of certain marvellous and novel conduct of the noble horse which had been referred to, which had come their knowledge in conversation with the witnesses.

The known instinct of animals has, from time immemorial, been esteemed in the law as among the sources of evidence by which the dearest rights of life, liberty and property have been determined.

Testimony as to these facts was proposed to be submitted on behalf of the State, but was stoutly opposed by the pri oner's counsel, who knew its overwhelming force.

The learned judge over-ruled the objections and admitted the testimony. It had been proved in the course of the trial that about eight o'clock on the Sunday following that on which the deceased and prisoner left Mr. Hammel's, a gentleman coming toward Memphis met the horse proven to have been Merriweather's, on the road, about two thousand yards from the scene of murder, and South of the same, galloping in full speed in the direction of Hernado, and appearing to be exceedingly frightened; with difficulty the gentleman intercepted and caught him.

The gentleman finding the animal almost uncontrollable from fright, had some difficulty in retaining the rein until a young man came forward and claimed him.

The young man who claimed the horse was recognized by the gentleman at trial, as the prisoner at the bar. He came forward, said the gentleman, claimed the horse, thanked him gracefully for catching him, mounted and rode off hurriedly in the direction of Hernado. The facts here submitted to the jury, in reference to the wonderful instincts, are these:

It will be remembered that the noble animal in question was of extraordinary intelligence, and singularly attached to his master, whom he was in the habit of following about whenevhe would come to the pasture or the farm yard where the horse was.

Some several months after the prisoner had been committed to jail under indictment, William Merriweather, accompanied by a number of gentlemen, witnesses in the case, came up from their homes in Mississipi to attend the trial.

William Merriweather was riding the horse of the deceased brother, which had, by this time been recovered in the family. The journey lay along the Hernado road, and by the spot where the body been found.—About two hundred yards before the party reached the scene of the murder, the horse upon which Wm. Merriweather mounted, began to exhibit symptoms of alarm, and his intractable conduct much surprised his rider and the gentlemen who were with him.

There was no apparent cause of alarm, and the several other horses of the party betrayed none. His agitation increased as the party approached the fatal spot; and when they reached a point in the road opposite to it, the excitement of the horse rose to so furious a pitch that he became almost unmanageable.

The whole party now checked their horses, and for a moment regared the strange conduct of the horse with profound astonishment. His flesh quivered—his nostrils distended; and his eye glancing into the wood where his noble master had met his horrible fate—he stood for a moment, snorting and neighing—a sublime picture of the wildest excitement.

One of the party suggested to Mr. Merriweather to give him the rein that, meanwhile, had been tightly drawn. This was done, and instantly the noble animal rushed into the wood, and down to the identified tree under which the body had been found, and commenced pawing at its root.—After a moment he trotted out further into the wood, and, after making a semi-cirlce in his course, returned to the same spot, and there stood neighing, trembling and pawing until he was forced away. Similar exhibitions were made by the horse a number of times afterwards in passing the spot.

At this development in the testimony, a thrill of feeling ran through the the Court-room like an electric shock.

Thus far the proof had traced out the history of this mysterious murder with a certainty too fearful to be doubted; and had pointed to the pallied youth who sat in the prisoner's dock as the guilty agent thereof.

Justice tempered even with an unstrained mercy, seemed inpatient for the sacrifice, when the strong arm of the law interposed its might and majesty to shield him. The venue unproven, or even in doubt, would have left to the tribunal of justice no other alternave than to bid him to go out again a free wanderer upon the earth, with the blood and the guilt thick upon him. But the God who 'marketh the sparrow when he falls,' in his inscrutable Providence, had yet in reserve an eloquent witness against him---whose faithful heart was steel to the wiles of the corrupter, and whose testimony fell upon the astounded ears of the jury, as

"Confirmation strong,
As proof of holy writ."

No blood had ever been seen on the road--and no apperance of any struggle there. If the killing had been done in the road, the horse, whose rapid flight and and wild fright must have been occasioned instantly by the death strugle, would have known nothing of the tree in the wood. The scene was pictured before the mind of jury—as if typed by the glorious Daguerre; the decoy into the wood—the robber's demand for gold or blood—the death struggle at the tree—and the instincts were destined to vindicate, as if by a miracle, the unerring certainty of retribute justice; and thus the venue was proven—thus the doom of the prisoner was sealed, and thus

A pebble in the streamlet
  Hath turned the course of many a river;
A dew drop on the baby plant
  Hath warped the giant oak forever.

The verdict of the jury was, that the prisoner was guilty, and sentence of death was pronounced against him, which was afterwards commuted to imprisonment for life in the State Penitentiary.

In that gloomy catacomb of human hearts and hopes, where time is as eternity, and by a sense of liberty lost, William Peterson now expatiates his dreadful crime.—*Georgia Constitutionalist*..

A western bachelor friend, in a private letter to the editor of the New York Crayon, "condoles in some measure" on the subject of matrimony, as follows:—"You assure me that he who getteth a wife, getteth a good thing. I confess that, in my opinion of the holy estate, I have been little better than one of the wicked, as Falstaff says. But I am coming round. I begin to see that—

Lives of married men remind us
  We may live our lives as well,
And departing leave behind us
  An example that will *tell*.
An example that some other,
  Wasting time in idle sport,
Some forlorn, unmarried brother,
  Seeing, shall take heart—and *court*.

RATE OF INTEREST.—The Legislature of Mississippi has passed a bill authorizing parties to contract for the payment of any rate of interest not exceeding ten per cent. on the renewal of any debt after maturity.

Mere bashfulness without merit is awkward: and merit without modesty is insolent. But modest merit has a double claim to acceptance.

Decidedly Cool.

A paper in Ohio tells a good joke of several prisoners who were confined in one of the county jails in the Buckeye State. The jail was old and dilapidated, and one night they escaped from their durance vile, in other words "broke jail," but instead of escaping, the jailor found them the next morning seated on the top of their prison-house, pounding the roof with great violence. Surprised beyond measure, he asked them what they were doing, whereupon one of them replied that the house leaked so bad when it rained, they concluded that they would just step out and repair the roof!

LYING.—This is one of the earliest developments of human depravity. All children are tempted to commit this sin—and the propensity to it is very strong. Too many parents encourage their children in this by their own example. So "they go astray, speaking lies." They deceive their children—lie to them, to make them obedient—but children at length find out the deception. The effect upon the character of children is exceedingly pernicious. They lie to their parents—to each other—to their school-fellows—to their teachers. As they grow up, they commit this sin in the streets, on the wharves, behind the counter, in the counting room; when they buy and when they sell. The sin is perpetrated, in one form or another, almost every day in the year. We would not affirm it of everybody---but it is common, so universal, that but little is thought of it.—*Dr. Pomeroy.*

MEMORY OF A MAGPIE.—A lady who caught her magpie stealing the pickled walnuts, threw a basin of hot grease over the poor bird, exclaiming:

"Oh, you thief, you've been at the pickled walnuts, have you?"

Poor mag was dreadfully burned; his feathers came off, leaving his head entirely bare. He spoke not a word for more than a year, when a gentleman called at the house, who, on taking off his hat, exhibited a very bald head. The magpie appeared evidently struck with the circumstance. Hopping upon the back of the chair, and looking him hastily over, he suddenly exclaimed in the ear of the astonished visitor:

"Oh, you thief, you've been at the pickled walnuts, have you?"

GIVE NO PAIN.—Breathe not a sentiment—say not a word—give not an expression of the countenance that will offend another, or send a thrill of pain through his bosom. We are surrounded by sensitive hearts, which a word, a look, even, might fill to the brim with sorrow. If you are careless of the opinion and expressions of others, remember that they are differently constituted from yourself, and never by a word or sign, cast a shadow on a happy heart, or throw aside the smiles of joy that love to linger on a pleasant countenance.

NO GLOOM AT HOME.—Above all things there should be no gloom in the home. The shadows of discontent and wasteful fretfulness should never cross the threshold, throwing these large, black shapes, like funeral palls, over the happy young spirits gathered there. If you will, your home shall be a spot where discord is not found.

The best capital fot a young man to start with in life, is Industry, good sense, courage and the fear of God.—It is better than all the credit that was ever raised.

There was a snow storm in New York on the first inst. Some forlorn poet, affected no doubt by the weather, gave the following gem to the world:

The first bird of spring attempted to sing,
  But ere he had sounded a note [he,
He fell from the tree—ah! a dead bird was
  The music had fris in his throat!

Evil thoughts, like unwelcome guests, make no part of a family, and will depart if not encouraged to stay.

If you would be pungent, be brief--for it is with words as with sunbeams--the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.

"It is a solemn thing to be married," said Aunt Bethany.

"Yes, but it's a deal more solemn not to be," said the little girl, her niece.

The tongue of a fool is the key to his counsel, which, in a wise man, wisdom hath in keeping.